THE

POETICAL WORKS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M---y W---y M------e.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
BOOKS

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TOWN ECLOGUES.

MONDAY.

ROXANA, or, the *Drawing-Room.*

TOWN ECLOGUES.

MONDAY.

ROXANA, or, the *Drawing-Room.*

ROXANA from the Court retiring late,
Sigh'd her ſoft ſorrows at *St. James*'s gate:
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breaſt,
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppreſs'd;
They

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* Of theſe ſix Eclogues, four only were written by Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Thurſday the BASSETTE TABLE, and Friday the TOILETTE, being the Productions of Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay.

They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to bear;
She in theſe gentle ſounds expreſs'd her care.

" Was it for this, that I theſe roſes wear
" For this new-ſet the jewels for my hair?
" Ah! princeſs! with what zeal have I purſu'd!
" Almoſt forgot the duty of a prude.
" Thinking I never could attend too ſoon,
" I've miſs'd my prayers, to get me dreſs'd by noon.
" For thee, ah! what for thee did I reſign?
" My pleaſures, paſſions, all that e'er was mine.
" I ſacrific'd both modeſty and eaſe,
" Left operas, and went to filthy plays;
" Double entendres ſhock'd my tender ear,
" Yet even this for thee I choſe to bear.
" In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
" And every joy of life before me lay,
" By honour prompted, and by pride reſtrain'd,
" The pleaſures of the young my ſoul diſdain'd:

" Sermons

" Sermons I ſought, and with a mien ſevere
" Cenſur'd my neighbours, and ſaid daily pray'r.

" Alas! how chang'd!--with the ſame ſermon-mien
" That once I pray'd, the *What d'ye call't* * I've ſeen.
" Ah! cruel princeſs, for thy ſake I've loſt
" That reputation which ſo dear had coſt:
" I, who avoided every publick place,
" When bloom and beauty bade me ſhow my face;
" Now near thee conſtant every night abide
" With never-failing duty by thy ſide,
" Myſelf and daughters ſtanding on a row,
" To all the foreigners a goodly ſhow!
" Oft had your drawing-room been ſadly thin,
" And merchants' wives cloſe by the chair been ſeen;
" Had not I amply fill'd the empty ſpace,
" And ſav'd your highneſs from the dire diſgrace.

" Yet

---

* A Farce, by Mr. Gay.

" Yet *Coquetilla*'s artifice prevails,
" When all my merit and my duty fails :
" That *Coquetilla*, whoſe deluding airs
" Corrupts our virgins, and our youth enſnares ;
" So ſunk her character, ſo loſt her fame,
" Scarce viſited before your highneſs came :
" Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis her you chuſe,
" When Zeal and Fame and Virtue you refuſe.
" Ah ! worthy choice ! not one of all your train
" Whom cenſure blaſts not, and diſhonours ſtain.
" Let the nice hind now ſuckle dirty pigs,
" And the proud pea-hen hatch the cuckoo's eggs !
" Let *Iris* leave her paint and own her age,
" And grave *Suffolka* wed a giddy page !
" A greater miracle is daily view'd,
" A virtuous princeſs with a court ſo lewd.

" I know thee, Court ! with all thy treach'rous
" wiles,
" Thy falſe careſſes and undoing ſmiles !

" Ah !

"Ah! princeſs, learn'd in all the courtly arts
"To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts!

"Large lovely bribes are the great ſtateſman's aim;
"And the neglected patriot follows fame.
"The Prince is ogled; ſome the king purſue;
"But your *Roxana* only follows *You*.
"Deſpis'd *Roxana*, ceaſe, and try to find
"Some other, ſince the princeſs proves unkind:
"Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,
"If not a greater, a more firm ſupport."

TUESDAY.

St. JAMES's Coffee-House.

TUESDAY.

St. James's Coffee-House.

SILLIANDER and PATCH.

THOU, who ſo many favours haſt receiv'd,
Wond'rous to tell, and hard to be believ'd,
Oh! *H——d*, to my lays attention lend,
Hear how two lovers boaſtingly contend:
Like thee ſucceſsful, ſuch their bloomy youth,
Renown'd alike for gallantry and truth.

St. James's bell had toll'd ſome wretches in,
(As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could ſin)
The happier ſinners now their charms put out,
And to their manteaus their complexion ſuit;
The opera queens had finiſh'd half their faces,
And city dames already taken places;

Fops of all kinds, to ſee the Lion, run;
The beauties ſtay till the firſt act's begun,
And beaux ſtep home to put freſh linen on.
No well-dreſs'd youth in coffee houſe remain'd,
But penſive *Patch*, who on the window lean'd;
And *Silliander*, that alert and gay,
Firſt pick'd his teeth, and then began to ſay.

SILLIANDER.

Why all theſe ſighs; ah! why ſo penſive grown?
Some cauſe there is why thus you ſit alone.
Does hapleſs paſſion all this ſorrow move?
Or doſt thou envy where the ladies love?

PATCH.

If, whom they love, my envy muſt purſue,
'Tis true, at leaſt, I never envy you.

SILLIANDER.

No, I'm unhappy—you are in the right—
'Tis you they favour, and 'tis me they ſlight.

Yet

Yet I could tell, but that I hate to boaſt,
A club of ladies where 'tis me they toaſt.

PATCH.

Toaſting does ſeldom any favour prove;
Like us, they never toaſt the thing they love.
A certain duke one night my health begun;
With chearful pledges round the room it run,
'Till the young *Silvia*, preſs'd to drink it too,
Started and vow'd ſhe knew not what to do:
What, drink a fellow's health! ſhe dy'd with ſhame:
Yet bluſh'd whenever ſhe pronounc'd my name.

SILLIANDER.

Ill fates purſue me, may I never find
The dice propitious, or the ladies kind,
If fair Miſs *Flippy*'s fan I did not tear,
And one from me ſhe condeſcends to wear.

PATCH.

PATCH.

Women are always ready to receive;
'Tis then a favour when the ſex will give.
A lady (but ſhe is too great to name)
Beauteous in perſon, ſpotleſs in her fame,
With gentle ſtrugglings let me force this ring;
Another day may give another thing.

SILLIANDER.

I could ſay ſomething—ſee this billet-doux——
And as for preſents—look upon my ſhoe——
Theſe buckles were not forc'd, nor half a theft,
But a young counteſs fondly made the gift.

PATCH.

My counteſs is more nice, more artful too,
Affects to fly, that I may fierce purſue:
This ſnuff-box which I begg'd, ſhe ſtill deny'd,
And when I ſtrove to ſnatch it, ſeem'd to hide;

She

She laugh'd and fled, and as I ſought to ſeize,
With affectation cram'd it down her ſtays;
Yet hop'd ſhe did not place it there unſeen,
I preſs'd her breaſts, and pull'd it from between.

SILLIANDER.

Laſt night, as I ſtood ogling of her grace,
Drinking delicious poiſon from her face,
The ſoft enchantreſs did that face decline,
Nor ever rais'd her eyes to meet with mine;
With ſudden art ſome ſecret did pretend,
Lean'd croſs two chairs to whiſper to a friend,
While the ſtiff whalebone with the motion roſe,
And thouſand beauties to my ſight expoſe.

PATCH.

Early this morn—(but I was aſk'd to come)
I drank bohea in *Celia*'s dreſſing-room:
Warm from her bed, to me alone within,
Her night-gown faſten'd with a ſingle pin;

Her

Her night-cloaths tumbled with reſiſtleſs grace,
And her bright hair play'd careleſs round her face;
Reaching the kettle made her gown unpin,
She wore no waiſtcoat, and her ſhift was thin.

SILLIANDER.

See *Titiana* driving to the park!
Hark! let us follow, 'tis not yet too dark:
In her all beauties of the ſpring are ſeen,
Her cheeks are roſy, and her mantle green.

PATCH.

See *Tintoretta* to the opera goes!
Haſte, or the crowd will not permit our bows;
In her the glory of the heav'ns we view,
Her eyes are ſtar like, and her mantle blue.

SILLIANDER.

What colour does in *Celia*'s ſtockings ſhine?
Reveal that ſecret, and the prize is thine.

PATCH.

PATCH.

What are her garters? tell me if you can;
I'll freely own thee far the happier man.

Thus *Patch* continued his heroic ſtrain,
While *Silliander* but contends in vain,
After a conqueſt ſo important gain'd,
Unrival'd *Patch* in every ruelle reign'd.

WEDNESDAY.

The Tete a Tete.

WEDNESDAY.

The Tete a Tete.

DANCINDA.

"NO fair *Dancinda*, no; you ſtrive in vain
"To calm my care, and mitigate my pain;
"If all my ſighs, my cares, can fail to move,
"Ah! ſoothe me not with fruitleſs vows of love."
Thus *Strephon* ſpoke. *Dancinda* thus reply'd:
What muſt I do to gratify your pride?
Too well you know (ungrateful as thou art)
How much you triumph in this tender heart:
What proof of love remains for me to grant?
Yet ſtill you teaze me with ſome new complaint.
Oh! would to heaven!—but the fond wiſh is vain—
Too many favours had not made it plain!

But ſuch a paſſion breaks through all diſguiſe,
Love reddens on my cheek, and wiſhes in my eyes.
Is't not enough (inhuman and unkind!)
I own the ſecret conflict of my mind;
You cannot know what ſecret pain I prove,
When I with burning bluſhes own I love.
You ſee my artleſs joy at your approach,
I ſigh, I faint, I tremble at your touch;
And in your abſence all the world I ſhun;
I hate mankind, and curſe the chearing ſun.
Still as I fly, ten thouſand ſwains purſue;
Ten thouſand ſwains I ſacrifice to you.
I ſhew you all my heart without diſguiſe:
But theſe are tender proofs that you deſpiſe——
I ſee too well what wiſhes you purſue;
You would not only conquer, but undo:
You, cruel victor, weary of your flame,
Would ſeek a cure in my eternal ſhame;
And not content my honour to ſubdue,
Now ſtrive to triumph o'er my virtue too.

Oh!

Oh! *Love*, a God indeed to womankind,
Whoſe arrows burn me, and whoſe fetters bind,
Avenge thy altars, vindicate thy fame,
And blaſt theſe traitors that profane thy name;
Who by pretending to thy ſacred fire,
Raiſe curſed trophies to impure deſire.

Have you forgot with what enſnaring art
You firſt ſeduc'd this fond uncautious heart?
Then as I fled, did you not kneeling cry,
"Turn, cruel beauty; whither would you fly?
"Why all theſe doubts? why this diſtruſtful fear?
"No impious wiſhes ſhall offend your ear:
"Nor ever ſhall my boldeſt hopes pretend
"Above the title of a tender friend;
"Bleſt, if my lovely goddeſs will permit
"My humble vows thus ſighing at her feet.
"The tyrant love that in my boſom reigns,
"The god himſelf ſubmits to wear your chains:

" You ſhall direct his courſe, his ardor tame,
" And check the fury of his wildeſt flame."

Unpractic'd youth is eaſily deceiv'd;
Sooth'd by ſuch ſounds, I liſten'd and believ'd:
Now, quite forgot that ſoft ſubmiſſive fear,
You dare to aſk what I muſt bluſh to hear.

Could I forget the honour of my race,
And meet your wiſhes, fearleſs of diſgrace;
Could paſſion o'er my tender youth prevail,
And all my mother's pious maxims fail;
Yet to preſerve your heart (which ſtill muſt be,
Falſe as it is, for ever dear to me)
This fatal proof of love I would not give,
Which you'd contemn the moment you receive.
The wretched ſhe, who yields to guilty joys,
A man may pity, but he muſt deſpiſe.
Your ardour ceas'd, I then ſhould ſee you ſhun
The wretched victim by your arts undone.

Yet if I could that cold indifference bear,
What more would ſtrike me with the laſt deſpair,
With this reflection would my ſoul be torn,
To know I merited your cruel ſcorn.

Has love no pleaſures free from guilt or fear?
Pleaſures leſs fierce, more laſting, more ſincere?
Thus let us gently kiſs and fondly gaze,
Love is a child, and like a child it plays.

O *Strephon*, if you would continue juſt,
If love be ſomething more than brutal luſt,
Forbear to aſk what I muſt ſtill deny,
This bitter pleaſure, this deſtructive joy,
So cloſely followed by the diſmal train
Of cutting ſhame, and guilt's heart-piercing pain.

She paus'd; and fix'd her eyes upon her fan;
He took a pinch of ſnuff, and thus began;
Madam, if love—but he could ſay no more,
For Mademoiſelle came rapping at the door.

The dangerous moments no adieus afford;
—Begone, ſhe cries, I'm ſure I hear my lord.
The lover ſtarts from his unfiniſh'd loves,
To ſnatch his hat, and ſeek his ſcatter'd gloves:
The ſighing dame to meet her dear prepares,
While *Strephon* curſing ſlips down the back-ſtairs.

THURSDAY.

THURSDAY.

The BASSETTE-TABLE.

THURSDAY.

The BASSETTE-TABLE*.

SMILINDA and CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Baſſette-table* ſpread, the Tallier come;
Why ſtays *Smilinda* in her dreſſing-room?

Riſe,

---

* Only this, of all the Town Eclogues, was Mr. Pope's, and is here printed from a Copy corrected by his own hand. The humour of it lies in this happy circumſtance, that the one is in love with the Game, and the other with the Sharper.

Riſe, penſive nymph! the tallier waits for you:

SMILINDA.

Ah! madam, ſince my *Sharper* is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd *alpieu*.
I ſaw him ſtand behind *Ombrelia*'s chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſighs, which cheat the liſt'ning fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cauſe of your romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavier heart ſuſtains.
As you by Love, ſo I by Fortune croſs'd;
One, one bad *deal* three *ſeptleva*'s have loſt.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief which you compare with mine?
With eaſe the ſmiles of Fortune I reſign:

Would

Would all my gold in one bad *deal* were gone;
Were lovely *Sharper* mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover loſt is but a common care;
And prudent nymphs againſt that change prepare.
The knave of clubs thrice loſt: oh! who could gueſs
This fatal ſtroke! this unforeſeen diſtreſs?

SMILINDA.

See! *Betty Loveit* very *a propos*,
She all the care of *love* and *play* does know;
Dear *Betty* ſhall th' important point decide;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
By *cards' ill uſage*, or by *lovers loſt*.

LOVEIT.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Though time is precious, and I want ſome tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great pen'orth!) bought.
See on the tooth-pick, *Mars* and *Cupid* ſtrive;
And both the ſtruggling figures ſeem alive.
Upon the bottom ſhines the queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble caſe.
Jove, *Jove* himſelf, does on the ſciſſars ſhine;
The metal, and the workmanſhip divine!

SMILINDA.

This *ſnuff-box*, once the pledge of *Sharper*'s love,
When rival beauties for the preſent ſtrove;
At *Corticelli*'s he the raffle won;
Then firſt his paſſion was in public ſhown:
Hazardia bluſh'd, and turn'd her head aſide,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *ſnuff box*—on the hinge ſee brilliants ſhine:
This *ſnuff-box* will I ſtake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far leſſer loſſes than I bear,
Have made a ſoldier ſigh, a lover ſwear.
And oh! what makes the diſappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaiſance, I took the *queen* he gave;
Though my own ſecret wiſh was for the knave.
The *knave* won *Sonica* which I had choſe;
And the next *pull* my *ſeptleva* I loſe.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing ſmart,
The cruel thought that ſtabs me to the heart;
This curs'd *Ombrelia*, this undoing fair,
By whoſe vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whoſe name I ſhed theſe ſpiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms ſhe wears:
An aukward thing when firſt ſhe came to town;
Her ſhape unfaſhion'd, and her face unknown:

She was my friend, I taught her firſt to ſpread
Upon her ſallow cheeks enlivening red.
I introduc'd her to the Park and plays;
And by my int'reſt *Coſins* made her ſtays.
Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to ſteal my favourite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I ſwore,
When *Winnall* tallied, I would *punt* no more?
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
And ſee the folly, which I cannot ſhun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have *Sharper*'s vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known falſhoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on *Baſſette*, and remain unwarm'd?
When *kings*, *queens*, *knaves*, are ſet in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the ſhining train;
The winner's pleaſure and the loſer's gain:
In bright confuſion open *rouleaus* lie,
They ſtrike the ſoul, and glitter in the eye,
Fir'd by the ſight, all reaſon I diſdain;
My paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein.
Look on *Baſſette*, you who reaſon boaſt;
And ſee if reaſon muſt not *there* be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble muſt that heart compoſe,
Can hearken coldly to my *Sharper*'s vows?
Then when he trembles, when his bluſhes riſe,
When aweful love ſeems melting in his eyes;

With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves :
He loves, I whiſper to myſelf, *he loves!*
Such unfeign'd paſſion in his looks appears,
I loſe all mem'ry of my former fears :
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms :
Think of that moment, you who prudence boaſt ;
For ſuch a moment, prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the *groom-porters*, batter'd bullies play,
Some *dukes* at Marybone bowl time away.
But who the bowl, or rattling dice compares
To *Baſſette*'s heavenly joys, and pleaſing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft *Simplicetta* doats upon a beau ;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at ſhow.
Their ſeveral graces in my *Sharper* meet ;
Strong as the footman, as the maſter ſweet.

LOVEIT.

LOVE IT.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The *equipage* ſhall grace *Smilinda*'s ſide:
The ſnuff-box to *Cardelia* I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your *tea*.

FRIDAY.

FRIDAY.

The TOILETTE.

FRIDAY.

The TOILETTE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty ſprings had cloath'd the park with green,
Since *Lydia* knew the bloſſoms of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours moleſt;
And catch her at her toilette half undreſt.
The thund'ring knocker wakes the ſtreet no more,
Nor chairs, nor coaches croud the ſilent door;
Nor at the window all her mornings paſs,
Or at the dumb devotion of her glaſs:
Reclin'd upon her arm ſhe penſive ſate,
And curs'd th' inconſtancy of man too late.

"Oh youth! O ſpring of life for ever loſt!
"No more my name ſhall reign the fav'rite toaſt:

"On

" On glaſs no more the diamond graves my name,
" And lines miſ-ſpelt record my lover's flame:
" Nor ſhall ſide boxes watch my wand'ring eyes,
" And, as they catch the glance, in rows ariſe
" With humble bows; nor white glov'd beaus encroach
" In crouds behind, to guard me to my coach.

" What ſhall I do to ſpend the hateful day?
" At chapel ſhall I wear the morn away?
" Who there appears at theſe unmodiſh hours,
" But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,
" And grey religious maids? my preſence there
" Amidſt that ſober train, would own deſpair;
" Nor am I yet ſo old, nor is my glance
" As yet fix'd wholly on devotion's trance.
" Strait then I'll dreſs, and take my wonted range
" Through India ſhops, to Motteux's, or the Change,
" Where the tall jar erects its ſtately pride,
" With antic ſhapes in China's azure dy'd;

" There

" There careleſs lies a rich brocade unroll'd,
" Here ſhines a cabinet with burniſh'd gold.
" But then, alas! I muſt be forc'd to pay,
" And bring no penn'orths, not a fan away!

" How am I curs'd, unhappy and forlorn!
" My lover's triumph, and my ſex's ſcorn!
" Falſe is the pompous grief of youthful heirs;
" Falſe are the looſe coquet's inveigling airs;
" Falſe is the crafty courtier's plighted word;
" Falſe are the dice when gameſters ſtamp the board;
" Falſe is the ſprightly widow's public tear;
" Yet theſe to *Damon*'s oaths are all ſincere.

" For what young flirt, baſe man, am I abus'd?
" To pleaſe your wife am I unkindly us'd?
" Tis true her face may boaſt the peach's bloom;
" But does her nearer whiſper breathe perfume?
" I own her taper ſhape is form'd to pleaſe;
" But don't you ſee her unconfin'd by ſtays?

" She doubly to fifteen may claim pretence;
" Alike we read it in her face and ſenſe.
" Inſipid, ſervile thing! whom I diſdain!
" Her phlegm can beſt ſupport the marriage chain.
" Damon is practis'd in the modiſh life;
" Can hate, and yet be civil to his wife;
" He games, he drinks, he ſwears, he fights, he roves;
" Yet *Cloe* can believe he fondly loves.
" Miſtreſs and wife by turns ſupply his need;
" A miſs for pleaſure, and a wife for breed.
" Powder'd with diamonds, free from ſpleen or care,
" She can a ſullen huſband's humour bear;
" Her credulous friendſhip, and her ſtupid eaſe,
" Have often been my jeſt in happier days;
" Now *Cloe* boaſts and triumphs in my pains;
" To her he's faithful; 'tis to me he feigns.
" Am I that ſtupid thing to bear neglect,
" And force a ſmile, not daring to ſuſpect?
" No, perjur'd man! a wife may be content,
" But you ſhall find a miſtreſs can reſent."

Thus

Thus love-ſick *Lydia* rav'd; her maid appears,
And in her faithful hand the band-box bears;
(The Ceſtos that reform'd inconſtant *Jove*
Not better fill'd with what allur'd to love)
"How well this ribband's gloſs becomes your face!
She cries in rapture; "then, ſo ſweet a lace!
"How charmingly you look! ſo bright! ſo fair!
"'Tis to your eyes the head-dreſs owes its air!"
Strait *Lydia* ſmil'd; the comb adjuſts her locks;
And at the Play-houſe, *Harry* keeps her box.

SATURDAY.

The SMALL-POX.

SATURDAY.

The SMALL-POX.

FLAVIA.

THE wretched *Flavia* on her couch reclin'd,
Thus breath'd the anguiſh of a wounded mind,
A glaſs revers'd in her right hand ſhe bore,
For now ſhe ſhun'd the face ſhe ſought before.

"How am I chang'd! alas! how am I grown
"A frightful ſpectre, to myſelf unknown!
"Where's my complexion? where my radiant
"bloom,
"That promis'd happineſs for years to come?
"Then with what pleaſure I this face ſurvey'd!
"To look once more, my viſits oft delay'd!
"Charm'd

" Charm'd with the view, a freſher red would riſe,
" And a new life ſhot ſparkling from my eyes!

" Ah! faithleſs glaſs, my wonted bloom reſtore;
" Alas! I rave, that bloom is now no more!
" The greateſt good the gods on men beſtow,
" Ev'n youth itſelf to me is uſeleſs now.
" There was a time (oh! that I could forget!)
" When opera-tickets pour'd before my feet;
" And at the ring, where brighteſt beauties ſhine,
" The earlieſt cherries of the ſpring were mine.
" Witneſs, O Lilly; and thou, Motteux, tell,
" How much japan theſe eyes have made ye ſell.
" With what comtempt ye ſaw me oft deſpiſe
" The humble offer of the raffled prize;
" For at the raffle ſtill each prize I bore,
" With ſcorn rejected, or with triumph wore!
" Now beauty's fled, and preſents are no more!

" For me the Patriot has the houſe forſook,
" And left debates to catch a paſſing look:

" For

" For me the ſoldier has ſoft verſes writ:
" For me the beau has aim'd to be a wit.
" For me the Wit to nonſenſe was betrayed;
" The Gameſter has for me his dun delay'd,
" And overſeen the card he would have play'd.
" The bold and haughty by ſucceſs made vain,
" Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain:
" The baſhful 'Squire touch'd by a wiſh unknown,
" Has dar'd to ſpeak with ſpirit not his own:
" Fir'd by one wiſh, all did alike adore;
" Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more!

" As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,
" New unaffected ſcenes of ſorrow riſe.
" Far from my ſight that killing picture bear,
" The face disfigure, and the canvaſs tear:
" That picture which with pride I us'd to ſhow,
" The loſt reſemblance but upbraids me now.
" And thou, my toilette! where I oft have ſate,
" While hours unheeded paſs'd in deep debate,

" How

" How curls ſhould fall, or where a patch to place;
" If blue or ſcarlet beſt became my face:
" Now on ſome happier nymph your aid beſtow;
" On fairer heads, ye uſeleſs jewels glow!
" No borrowed luſtre can my charms reſtore;
" Beauty is fled, and dreſs is now no more!

" Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye ſhine;
" Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine:
" But 'midſt your triumphs with confuſion know,
" 'Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.
" Would pitying heav'n reſtore my wonted mien,
" Ye ſtill might move unthought of and unſeen:
" But oh, how vain, how wretched is the boaſt
" Of beauty faded, and of empire loſt!
" What now is left but weeping, to deplore
" My beauty fled, and empire now no more?

" Ye cruel chymiſts, what withheld your aid!
" Could no pomatums ſave a trembling maid?

" How

" How falſe and trifling is that art ye boaſt!
" No art can give me back my beauty loſt.
" In tears ſurrounded by my friends I lay
" Maſk'd-o'er, and trembled at the ſight of day;
" *Mirmillio* came my fortune to deplore,
" (A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore)
" Cordials, he cry'd, my ſpirits muſt reſtore!
" Beauty is fled, and ſpirit is no more!

" *Galen*, the grave; officious *Squirt*, was there,
" With fruitleſs grief and unavailing care:
" *Machaon* too, the great *Machaon*, known
" By his red cloak and his ſuperior frown;
" And why, he cry'd, this grief and this deſpair,
" You ſhall again be well, again be fair;
" Believe my oath; (with that an oath he ſwore)
" Falſe was his oath; my beauty was no more!

" Ceaſe, hapleſs maid, no more thy tale purſue.
" Forſake mankind, and bid the world adieu!

" Monarchs

" Monarchs and beauties rule with equal ſway;
" All ſtrive to ſerve, and glory to obey:
" Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow—
" Men mock the idol of their former vow.

" Adieu! ye parks!—in ſome obſcure receſs,
" Where gentle ſtreams will weep at my diſtreſs,
" Where no falſe friend will in my grief take part,
" And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart;
" There let me live in ſome deſerted place,
" There hide in ſhades this loſt inglorious face.
" Plays, operas, circles, I no more muſt view!
" My toilette, patches, all the world adieu!"

VERSES

Addreſſed to the

IMITATOR

Of the FIRST SATIRE of the

SECOND BOOK of *HORACE.*

VERSES*

Addreſſed to the

IMITATOR

Of the FIRST SATIRE of the

SECOND BOOK of *HORACE*.

IN two large columns on thy motly page
Where Roman wit is ſtripe'd with Engliſh rage;
Where ribaldry to ſatire makes pretence;
And modern ſcandal rolls with ancient ſenſe:

* Theſe ſevere Verſes owe their birth to two lines in the firſt Satire of the Second Book of Horace, imitated by Mr. Pope, which were ſuppoſed to point at Lady Mary Wortley Montague, under the name

Whilſt on one ſide we ſee how Horace thought;
And on the other how he never wrote:

Who

of Sappho. We find by the letters of Mr. Pope, vol. 7. and thoſe of Lady Mary Wortley Montague lately publiſhed, that a friendly correſpondence once ſubſiſted between theſe two Wits, which probably did not continue much later than her ladyſhip's return into England in the year 1718. But the exact time when the quarrel between them commenced, and the circumſtances relating to it, are not eaſy, at this diſtance of time, to diſcover. It is ſaid in Mr. Pope's Life, (Biographia Britannica, vol. 5. p. 3413) that he was charged with propagating a ſcandalous report concerning her ladyſhip, which, it is added, perhaps he was not quite clear of. The note to that life in which this charge on the poet is to be found, has the name of Dr. Warburton annexed to it, and therefore, on his authority, may well be ſuppoſed not without foundation. If a conjecture may be allowed, it is not improbable that this was the occaſion of their difference. With reſpect to the lines which produced theſe verſes, Mr. Pope, in his letter to Lord Hervey, vol. 8. p. 196. abſolutely diſclaims any intention of applying them to Lady Montague. "In "regard (ſays he) to the right honourable Lady, "your Lordſhip's friend, I was ſo far from deſign-

Who can believe, who view the bad and good,
That the dull copi'ſt better underſtood

"ing a perſon of her condition by a name ſo dero-
"gatory to her as that of Sappho, a name proſti-
"tuted to every infamous creature that ever wrote
"verſe or novels. I proteſt I never applied that
"name to her in any verſe of mine, publick or pri-
"vate, and (I firmly believe) not in any letter or
"converſation." What degree of credit this aſſeve-
ration deſerves muſt be left to the reader's determi-
nation, only obſerving, that Mr. Pope was not very
ſcrupulous in diſowning a character when the opi-
nion of the Publick was not in his favour. With e-
qual, or more earneſtneſs, he denied that the deſcrip-
tion of Timon's Villa was deſigned to expoſe that of
a certain nobleman. In which particular, he has
been unwarily given up by his Commentator, who,
in the following note on theſe lines in the edition of
1751, ſeems to acknowledge the fact.

Another age ſhall ſee the golden car
Imbrown the ſlope, and nod on the parterre;
Deep harveſts bury all his pride had plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.
MORAL EPISTLES IV. Verſe 172.

"Had the poet lived but three years longer, he-

That Spirit, he pretends to imitate,
Than heretofore that Greek he did tranſlate?

Thine is juſt ſuch an image of *his* pen,
As thou thyſelf art of the ſons of men:
Where our own ſpecies in burleſque we trace,
A ſign-poſt likeneſs of the human race;
That is at once reſemblance and diſgrace.

Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear;
You only coarſely rail, or darkly ſneer:

His

"had ſeen this prophecy fulfilled." It is to be remembered, that Canons were ſold about the time here fixed upon, and therefore this queſtion will naturally ariſe, What prophecy was fulfilled, if Mr. Pope had not that place in his mind while he was writing the before-mentioned Epiſtle? The Editor of his works, as if conſcious that he had done no ſervice to Mr. Pope's moral character, by the above note, has ſince altered it in the following manner: "Had the poet lived three years longer he had ſeen "his *general* prophecy *againſt all ill-judged magnificence* "*fulfilled in a very particular inſtance.*"

His ſtyle is elegant, his diction pure,
Whilſt none thy crabbed numbers can endure;
Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obſcure.

If *he* has thorns, they all on roſes grow;
Thine like rude thiſtles, and mean brambles ſhow;
With this exception, that tho' rank the ſoil,
Weeds as they are they ſeem produc'd by toil.
Satire ſhould, like a poliſh'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch, that's ſcarcely felt or ſeen.
Thine is an oyſter-knife, that hacks and hews;
The rage, but not the talent to abuſe:
And is in *hate*, what *love* is in the ſtews.
'Tis the groſs *luſt* of hate, that ſtill annoys,
Without diſtinction, as groſs love enjoys:
Neither to folly, nor to vice confin'd;
The object of thy ſpleen is human kind:
It preys on all, who yield or who reſiſt;
To thee 'tis provocation to exiſt.

But

But if thou ſeeſt * a great and generous heart,
Thy bow is doubly bent to force a dart.
Nor dignity nor innocence is ſpar'd,
Nor age, nor ſex, nor thrones, nor graves rever'd.
Nor only juſtice vainly we demand,
But even benefits can't rein thy hand;
To this or that alike in vain we truſt,
Nor find thee leſs ungrateful than unjuſt.

Not even youth and beauty can controul
The univerſal rancour of thy ſoul;
Charms that might ſoften ſuperſtition's rage,
Might humble pride, or thaw the ice of age.
But how ſhould'ſt thou by beauty's force be mov'd,
No more for loving made than to be lov'd?
It was the equity of righteous heav'n,
That ſuch a ſoul to ſuch a form was giv'n;

And

* See TASTE, an Epiſtle.

And shews the uniformity of fate,
That one so odious should be born to hate.

When God created thee, one would believe,
He said the same as to the snake of *Eve*;
To human race antipathy declare,
'Twixt them and thee be everlasting war.
But oh! the sequel of the sentence dread,
And whilst you *bruise their heel*, beware your head.

Nor think thy weakness shall be thy defence,
The female scold's protection in offence.
Sure 'tis as fair to beat who cannot fight,
As 'tis to libel those who cannot write.
And if thou draw'st thy pen to aid the law,
Others a cudgel, or a rod, may draw.
If none with vengeance yet thy crimes pursue,
Or give thy manifold affronts their due;

If

If limbs unbroken, ſkin without a ſtain,
Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkick'd, unſlain;
That wretched little carcaſe you retain:
The reaſon is, not that the world wants eyes;
But thou'rt ſo mean, they ſee, and they deſpiſe:
When fretful *porcupine*, with rancorous will,
From mounted back ſhoots forth a harmleſs quill,
Cool the ſpectators ſtand; and all the while,
Upon the angry little monſter ſmile.
Thus 'tis with thee:—while impotently ſafe,
You ſtrike unwounding, we unhurt can laugh.
Who but muſt laugh, this bully when he ſees,
A puny inſect ſhiv'ring at a breeze?
One over-match'd by ev'ry blaſt of wind,
Inſulting and provoking all mankind.

Is this the *thing* to keep mankind in awe,
To make thoſe tremble who eſcape the law?
Is this *the ridicule* to live ſo long,
The deathleſs ſatire, and *immortal Song?*

No:

No: like the ſelf-blown praiſe, thy ſcandal flies;
And, as we're told of waſps, it ſtings and dies.

If none do yet return th' intended blow,
You all your ſafety to your dullneſs owe:
But whilſt that armour thy poor corps defends,
'Twill make thy readers few, as are thy friends;
Thoſe, who thy nature loath'd, yet lov'd thy art,
Who lik'd thy head, and yet abhor'd thy heart;
Choſe thee, to read, but never to converſe,
And ſcorn'd in proſe, him whom they priz'd in verſe.
Even they ſhall now their partial error ſee,
Shall ſhun thy writings like thy company;
And to thy books ſhall ope their eyes no more,
Than to thy perſon they wou'd do their door.

Nor thou the juſtice of the world diſown,
That leaves thee thus an out-caſt, and alone;
For tho' in law, to murder be to kill,
In equity the murder's in the will:

Then

Then whilſt with coward hand you ſtab a name,
And try at leaſt t'aſſaſſinate our fame;
Like the firſt bold aſſaſſins be thy lot,
Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven, or forgot;
But as thou hat'ſt, be hated by mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind,
Mark'd on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
Wander, like him, accurſed through the land.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

LORD B----.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

LORD B----.

HOW happy you! who varied joys purſue;
And every hour preſents you ſomething new!
Plans, ſchemes, and models, all Palladio's art,
For ſix long months have gain'd upon your heart;
Of colonnades, of corridores you talk,
The winding ſtair-caſe and the cover'd walk;
You blend the orders with Vitruvian toil,
And raiſe with wond'rous joy the fancy'd pile:

But the dull workman's ſlow performing hand
But coldly executes his lord's command.
With dirt and mortar ſoon you grow diſpleas'd,
Planting ſucceeds, and avenues are rais'd,
Canals are cut, and mountains level made;
Bowers of retreat, and galleries of ſhade;
The ſhaven turf preſents a lively green;
The bordering flowers in myſtic knots are ſeen:
With ſtudied art on nature you refine——
The ſpring beheld you warm in this deſign,
But ſcarce the cold attacks your fav'rite trees,
Your inclination fails, and wiſhes freeze:
You quit the grove ſo lately you admir'd;
With other views your eager hopes are fir'd,
Poſt to the city you direct your way;
Not blooming paradiſe could bribe your ſtay:
Ambition ſhews you power's brighteſt ſide,
'Tis meanly poor in ſolitude to hide:
Though certain pains attend the cares of ſtate,
A good man owes his country to be great;

Should

Should act abroad the high-diſtinguiſh'd part,
Or ſhew at leaſt the purpoſe of his heart.
With thoughts like theſe the ſhining courts you ſeek;
Full of new projects for almoſt a week:
You then deſpiſe the tinſel glittering ſnare;
Think vile mankind below a ſerious care.
Life is too ſhort for any diſtant aim;
And cold the dull reward of future fame:
Be happy then, while yet you have to live;
And love is all the bleſſing heav'n can give.
Fir'd by new paſſion you addreſs the fair;
Survey the opera as a gay parterre:
Young Cloe's bloom had made you certain prize,
But for a ſide-long glance from Celia's eyes:
Your beating heart acknowledges her power;
Your eager eyes her lovely form devour;
You feel the poiſon ſwelling in your breaſt,
And all your ſoul by fond deſire poſſeſs'd.
In dying ſighs a long three hours are paſt;
To ſome aſſembly with impatient haſte,

With trembling hope, and doubtful fear you move,
Reſolv'd to tempt your fate, and own your love:
But there Belinda meets you on the ſtairs,
Eaſy her ſhape, attracting all her airs;
A ſmile ſhe gives, and with a ſmile can wound;
Her melting voice has muſic in the ſound;
Her every motion wears reſiſtleſs grace;
Wit in her mien, and pleaſure in her face:
Here while you vow eternity of love,
Cloe and Celia unregarded move.

Thus on the ſands of Afric's burning plains,
However deeply made, no long impreſs remains;
The ſlighteſt leaf can leave its figure there;
The ſtrongeſt form is ſcattered by the air.
So yielding the warm temper of your mind,
So touch'd by every eye, ſo toſs'd by wind;
Oh! how unlike the heav'n my ſoul deſign'd!
Unſeen, unheard, the throng around me move;
Not wiſhing praiſe, inſenſible of love:

No

No whiſpers ſoften, nor no beauties fire;
Careleſs I ſee the dance, and coldly hear the lyre.

So num'rous herds are driv'n o'er the rock;
No print is left of all the paſſing flock:
So ſings the wind around the ſolid ſtone:
So vainly beat the waves with fruitleſs moan.
Tedious the toil, and great the workman's care,
Who dare attempt to fix impreſſions there:
But ſhould ſome ſwain more ſkilful than the reſt,
Engrave his name upon this marble breaſt,
Not rolling ages could deface that name;
Thro' all the ſtorms of life 'tis ſtill the ſame:
Tho' length of years with moſs may ſhade the ground,
Deep, though unſeen, remains the ſecret wound.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE

FROM

ARTHUR GREY, the Footman,

After his Condemnation for attempting a RAPE.

EPISTLE

FROM

ARTHUR GREY, the Footman †.

After his Condemnation for attempting a RAPE.

READ, lovely nymph, and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wiſh, nor you to dread:
I aſk not life, for life to me were vain,
And death a refuge from ſeverer pain.

My

† This man was footman to a gentleman, whoſe daughter, a married lady, he attempted to raviſh. It appears by his trial, that he went into her room

My only hope in theſe laſt lines I try;
I would be pitied, and I then would die.

Long had I liv'd as ſordid as my fate,
Nor curs'd the deſtiny that made me wait
A ſervile ſlave: content with homely food,
The groſs inſtinct of happineſs purſu'd:
Youth gave me ſleep at night, and warmth of blood.

Ambition

about four o'clock in the morning, armed with a piſtol in one hand, and a drawn ſword in the other; and advancing to the bed-ſide, threatned to murder her if ſhe made any noiſe. Upon aſking him what he meant by coming into her chamber in ſuch a manner, he replied, that he intended to raviſh her, for that he had entertained a violent love for her a long time, but as there was ſo great a difference between their fortunes, he deſpaired of enjoying his wiſhes by any means but force. After ſome reſiſtance, the lady wrenched the piſtol from his hand, (he having laid down the ſword) and rung the bell; upon which he ran away. He was indicted and convicted of a burglary, at the Old Bailey, in December 1721, but the ſentence was not executed, for he was reprieved, and afterwards tranſported.

Ambition yet had never touch'd my breaſt;
My lordly maſter knew no ſounder reſt;
With labour healthy, in obedience bleſt.
But when I ſaw——oh! had I never ſeen
That wounding ſoftneſs, that engaging mien!
The miſt of wretched education flies,
Shame, fear, deſire, deſpair and love ariſe,
The new creation of thoſe beauteous eyes.
But yet that love purſu'd no guilty aim,
Deep in my heart I hid the ſecret flame.
I never hop'd my fond deſire to tell,
And all my wiſhes were to ſerve you well.
Heav'ns! how I flew, when wing'd by your command,
And kiſs'd the letters giv'n me by your hand.
How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
Preſent the ſparkling wine, or change the plate!
How when you ſung my ſoul devour'd the ſound,
And ev'ry ſenſe was in the rapture drown'd!
Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move;
——You knew not that ſtupidity was love!

But oh! the torment not to be expreſs'd,
The grief, the rage, the hell that fir'd this breaſt,
When my great rivals, in embroid'ry gay,
Sate by your ſide, or led you from the play!
I ſtill contriv'd near as I could to ſtand,
(The flambeau trembling in my ſhaking hand)
I ſaw, or thought I ſaw, thoſe fingers preſs'd,
For thus their paſſion by my own I gueſs'd,
And jealous fury all my ſoul poſſeſs'd.
Like torrents, love and indignation meet,
And madneſs would have thrown me at your feet.

Turn, lovely nymph (for ſo I would have ſaid)
Turn from thoſe triflers who make love a trade;
This is true paſſion in my eyes you ſee;
They cannot, no——they cannot love like me.
Frequent debauch has pall'd their ſickly taſte,
Faint their deſire, and in a moment paſt:
They ſigh not from the heart, but from the brain;
Vapours of vanity, and ſtrong champagne.

Too

Too dull to feel what forms, like yours, inſpire,
After long talking of their painted fire,
To ſome lewd brothel they at night retire;
There pleas'd with fancy'd quality and charms,
Enjoy your beauties in a ſtrumpet's arms.
Such are the joys thoſe toaſters have in view,
And ſuch the wit and pleaſure they purſue:
——And is this love that ought to merit you?
Each opera-night a new addreſs begun,
They ſwear to thouſands what they ſwear to one.
Not thus I ſigh—but all my ſighs are vain—
Die, wretched *Arthur*, and conceal thy pain:
'Tis impudence to wiſh, and madneſs to complain.

Fix'd on this view, my only hope of eaſe,
I waited not the aid of ſlow diſeaſe:
The keeneſt inſtruments of death I ſought,
And death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought.
This all the night—when I remember well,
The charming tinkle of your morning bell!

Fir'd by the ſound, I haſten'd with your tea,
With one laſt look to ſmooth the darkſome way.—
But oh! how dear that fatal look has coſt!
In that fond moment my reſolves were loſt.
Hence all my guilt, and all your ſorrows riſe—
I ſaw the languid ſoftneſs of your eyes;
I ſaw the dear diſorder of your bed;
Your cheeks all glowing with a tempting red;
Your night-cloaths tumbled with reſiſtleſs grace;
Your flowing hair play'd careleſs down your face,
Your night-gown faſten'd with a ſingle pin;
—Fancy improv'd the wond'rous charms within!
I fix'd my eyes upon that heaving breaſt,
And hardly, hardly I forbore the reſt;
Eager to gaze, unſatisfy'd with ſight,
My head grew giddy with the near delight!
—Too well you know the fatal following night!
Th' extremeſt proof of my deſire I give,
And ſince you will not love, I will not live.

Condemn'd

Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous doom,
Careleſs and fearleſs of the woes to come.
But when you ſee me waver in the wind,
My guilty flame extinct, my ſoul reſign'd,
Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
The cruel conſequence of furious love.
Think the bold wretch, that could ſo greatly dare,
Was tender, faithful, ardent, and ſincere:
Think when I held the piſtol to your breaſt,
Had I been of the world's large rule poſſeſs'd,
That world had then been yours, and I been bleſt!
Think that my life was quite below my care,
Nor fear'd I any hell beyond deſpair.——

If theſe reflections, though they ſeize you late,
Give ſome compaſſion for your *Arthur*'s fate:
Enough you give, nor ought I to complain;
You pay my pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain.

AN

ANSWER

TO A

LOVE-LETTER.

AN

ANSWER

TO A

LOVE-LETTER.

IS it to me, this ſad lamenting ſtrain?
Are heaven's choiceſt gifts beſtow'd in vain?
A plenteous fortune, and a beauteous bride,
Your love rewarded, gratify'd your pride:
Yet leaving her——'tis me that you purſue
Without one ſingle charm, but being new.
How vile is man! how I deteſt their ways
Of artful falſhood, and deſigning praiſe!

Taſteleſs,

Taſteleſs, an eaſy happineſs you ſlight,
Ruin your joy, and miſchief your delight,
Why ſhould poor pug (the mimic of your kind)
Wear a rough chain, and be to box confin'd?
Some cup, perhaps, he breaks, or tears a fan,——
While roves unpuniſh'd the deſtroyer, man.
Not bound by vows, and unreſtrain'd by ſhame,
In ſport you break the heart, and rend the fame.
Not that your art can be ſucceſsful here,
Th' already plunder'd need no robber fear:
Nor ſighs, nor charms, nor flatteries can move,
Too well ſecur'd againſt a ſecond love.
Once, and but once, that devil charm'd my mind;
To reaſon deaf, to obſervation blind;
I idly hop'd (what cannot love perſuade!)
My fondneſs equal'd, and my love repay'd;
Slow to diſtruſt, and willing to believe,
Long huſh'd my doubts, and did myſelf deceive:
But oh! too ſoon——this tale would ever laſt;
Sleep, ſleep my wrongs, and let me think 'em paſt.

For

For you, who mourn with counterfeited grief,
And aſk ſo boldly like a begging thief,
May ſoon ſome other nymph inflict the pain,
You know ſo well with cruel art to feign.
Tho' long you ſported have with Cupid's dart,
You may ſee eyes, and you may feel a heart.
So the briſk wits, who ſtop the evening coach,
Laugh at the fear which follows their approach;
With idle mirth, and haughty ſcorn deſpiſe
The paſſenger's pale cheek, and ſtaring eyes:
But ſeiz'd by juſtice, find a fright no jeſt,
And all the terror doubled in their breaſt.

AN

AN

ELEGY

ON

Mrs. THOMPSON.

AN

ELEGY

ON

MRS. THOMPSON.

UNHAPPY fair! by fatal love betray'd!
Muſt then thy beauties thus untimely fade?
And all thy blooming, ſoft, inſpiring charms,
Become a prey to death's deſtructive arms?
Tho' ſhort thy day, and tranſient like the wind,
How far more bleſt than thoſe yet left behind!
Safe in the grave, thy griefs with thee remain;
And life's tempeſtuous billows break in vain.

Ye tender nymphs in lawleſs paſtimes gay,
Who heedleſs down the paths of pleaſure ſtray;
Tho' long ſecure, with bliſsful joy elate,
Yet pauſe, and think of Arabella's fate;
For ſuch may be your unexpected doom,
And your next pleaſures lull you in the tomb.
But let it be the muſe's gentle care
To ſhield from envy's rage the mould'ring fair:
To draw a veil o'er faults ſhe can't defend;
And what prudes have devour'd, leave time to end:
Be it her part to drop a pitying tear,
And mourning ſigh around thy ſable bier.
Nor ſhall thy woes long glad th' ill natur'd croud,
Silent to praiſe, and in detraction loud:
When ſcandal, that thro' life each worth deſtroys,
And malice that imbitters all our joys,
Shall in ſome ill ſtarr'd wretch find later ſtains;
And let thine reſt, forgot as thy remains.

IN

IN ANSWER

TO A LADY,

WHO ADVISED RETIREMENT.

IN ANSWER

TO A LADY,

WHO ADVISED RETIREMENT.

YOU little know the heart that you adviſe;
I view this various ſcene with equal eyes:
In crowded courts I find myſelf alone,
And pay my worſhip to a nobler throne.
Long ſince the value of this world I know
Pity the madneſs, and deſpiſe the ſhow:
Well as I can my tedious part I bear,
And wait for my diſmiſſion without fear.

Seldom

Seldom I mark mankind's deteſted ways,
Not hearing cenſure, nor affecting praiſe;
And, unconcern'd, my future ſtate I truſt
To that ſole being, merciful and juſt.

ON

ON THE

DEATH

OF

Mrs. *BOWES.*

ON THE

DEATH

OF

Mrs. *BOWES.*

Written extempore on a card, in a great deal of company, Dec. 14. 1724.

HAIL happy bride, for thou art truly bleſt!
Three months of rapture, crown'd with endleſs reſt.
Merit, like yours, was heaven's peculiar care,
You lov'd—yet taſted happineſs ſincere.
To you the ſweets of love were only ſhewn,
The ſure ſucceeding bitter dregs unknown;

You

You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,
The tender lover, for the imperious lord:
Nor felt the pain that jealous fondneſs brings;
Nor felt the coldneſs, from poſſeſſion ſprings,
Above your ſex, diſtinguiſh'd in your fate,
You truſted—yet experienc'd no deceit;
Soft were your hours, and wing'd with pleaſure flew;
No vain repentance gave a ſigh to you:
And if ſuperior bliſs heaven can beſtow,
With fellow angels you enjoy it now.

VERSES

VERSES

Written in a GARDEN.

VERSES

Written in a GARDEN.

SEE how that pair of billing doves
With open murmurs own their loves;
And heedleſs of cenſorious eyes,
Purſue their unpolluted joys:
No fears of future want moleſt
The downy quiet of their neſt;
No int'reſt join'd the happy pair,
Securely bleſt in Nature's care,
While her dear dictates they purſue:
For conſtancy is nature too.

Can all the doctrine of our ſchools,
Our maxims, our religious rules,
Can learning to our lives enſure
Virtue ſo bright, or bliſs ſo pure?
The great Creator's happy ends,
Virtue and pleaſure ever blends:
In vain the church and court have try'd
Th' united eſſence to divide;
Alike they find their wild miſtake,
The pedant prieſt, and giddy rake.

A HYMN

TO THE

MOON.

Written in JULY, in an Arbor.

A HYMN

TO THE

MOON.

Written in JULY, in an Arbor.

THOU ſilver Deity of ſecret night,
Direct my footſteps thro' the woodland ſhade;
Thou conſcious witneſs of unknown delight,
The lover's guardian, and the muſes aid!
By thy pale beams I ſolitary rove,
To thee my tender grief confide;
Serenely ſweet you gild the ſilent grove,
My friend, my goddeſs, and my guide.

E'en

E'en thee, fair queen, from thy amazing height,
The charms of young Endymion drew;
Veil'd with the mantle of concealing night;
With all thy greatneſs, and thy coldneſs too.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO

MARY, QUEEN of SCOTS.

Design'd to be spoken by Mrs OLDFIELD.

EPILOGUE*

TO

MARY, QUEEN of SCOTS.

Deſign'd to be ſpoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

WHAT could luxurious woman wiſh for more,
To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r?
Their every wiſh was in this Mary ſeen,
Gay, witty, youthful, beauteous, and a queen.

Vain

* This Epilogue was intended for a Play on the Story of Mary Queen of Scots, which the Duke of Wharton began to write, but never finiſhed. No part of the Play now remains, but theſe four lines:

Sure were I free, and Norfolk were a priſoner,
I'd fly with more impatience to his arms,
Than the poor Iſraelite gaz'd on the ſerpent,
When life was the reward of every look.

Walpole's Catalogue, vol. II. p. 134.

Vain uſeleſs bleſſings with ill conduct join'd!
Light as the air, and fleeting as the wind.
Whatever poets write, and lovers vow,
Beauty, what poor omnipotence haſt thou!

Queen Beſs had wiſdom, council, power, and laws;
How few eſpous'd a wretched beauty's cauſe!
Learn thence, ye fair, more ſolid charms to prize;
Contemn the idle flatt'rers of your eyes.
The brighteſt object ſhines but while 'tis new:
That influence leſſens by familiar view.
Monarchs and beauties rule with equal ſway,
All ſtrive to ſerve, and glory to obey;
Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow——
Men mock the idol of their former vow.

Two great examples have been ſhewn to-day,
To what ſure ruin paſſion does betray;
What long repentance to ſhort joys is due;
When reaſon rules, what glory muſt enſue.

If

If you will love, love like Eliza then ;
Love for amuſement, like thoſe traitors, men.
Think that the paſtime of a leiſure hour
She favour'd oft—but never ſhar'd her pow'r.

The traveller by deſart wolves purſu'd,
If by his art the ſavage foe's ſubdu'd,
The world will ſtill the noble act applaud,
Tho' victory was gain'd by needful fraud.

Such is, my tender ſex, our helpleſs caſe;
And ſuch the barbarous heart, hid by the begging face
By paſſion fir'd, and not withheld by ſhame,
They cruel hunters are, we trembling game.
Truſt me, dear ladies, (for I know 'em well)
They burn to triumph, and they ſigh to tell :
Cruel to them to yield, cullies to them that ſell.
Believe me, 'tis by far the wiſer courſe,
Superior art ſhould meet ſuperior force :
Hear, but be faithful to your int'reſt ſtill :
Secure your hearts—then fool with whom you will.

A

BALLAD.

A

BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *The Iriſh Howl.*

1.

TO that dear nymph, whoſe powerful name
Does every throbbing nerve inflame,
(As the ſoft ſound I low repeat
My pulſe unequal meaſures beat)
Whoſe eyes I never more ſhall ſee,
That once ſo ſweetly ſhin'd on thee;
Go, gentle wind! and kindly bear
My tender wiſhes to the fair.
Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

2.

Amidſt her pleaſures let her know
The ſecret anguiſh of my woe,
The midnight pang, the jealous hell,
Does in this tortur'd boſom dwell:
While laughing ſhe, and full of play,
Is with her young companions gay;
Or hearing in ſome fragrant bower
Her lover's ſigh, and beauty's power.
Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

3.

Loſt and forgotten may I be!
Oh may no pitying thought of me
Diſturb the joy that ſhe may find,
When love is crown'd, and fortune kind:
May that bleſs'd ſwain (whom yet I hate)
Be proud of his diſtinguiſh'd fate:

Each

Each happy night be like the firſt;
And he be bleſs'd as I am curs'd.

Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

4.

While in theſe pathleſs woods I ſtray,
And loſe my ſolitary way;
Talk to the ſtars, to trees complain,
And tell the ſenſeleſs woods my pain:
But madneſs ſpares the ſacred name,
Nor dares the hidden wound proclaim;
Which ſecret rankling, ſure and ſlow,
Shall cloſe in endleſs peace my woe.

Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

5.

When this fond heart ſhall ake no more,
And all the ills of life are o'er;
(If gods by lovers prayers are mov'd
As every god in heav'n has lov'd)

Inſtead

Inſtead of bright Elyſian joys,
That unknown ſomething in the ſkies,
In recompence of all my pain,
The only heaven I would obtain,
May I the guardian of her charms
Preſerve that paradiſe from harms.

Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

The

The LOVER:

A BALLAD.

To Mr. C——.

The LOVER:

A BALLAD.

To Mr. C——.

I.

AT length, by ſo much importunity preſs'd,
Take, C—, at once the inſide of my breaſt.
This ſtupid indiff'rence ſo often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to ſhame:
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor is Sunday's ſermon ſo ſtrong in my head:
I know but too well how time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

II.

II.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
Oh! was there a man (but where ſhall I find
Good ſenſe and good-nature ſo equally join'd?)
Would value his pleaſure, contribute to mine;
Not meanly would boaſt, nor lewdly deſign,
Not over ſevere, yet not ſtupidly vain,
For I would have the power, tho' not give the pain.

III.

No pedant, yet learned; no rake-helly gay,
Or laughing, becauſe he has nothing to ſay;
To all my whole ſex obliging and free,
Yet never be fond of any but me;
In public preſerve the decorum that's juſt,
And ſhew in his eyes he is true to his truſt;
Then rarely approach, and reſpectfully bow,
But not fulſomely pert, nor foppiſhly low.

IV.

IV.

But when the long hours of public are paſt,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at laſt,
May every fond pleaſure that moment endear;
Be baniſh'd afar both diſcretion and fear!
Forgetting or ſcorning the airs of the crowd,
He may ceaſe to be formal, and I to be proud,
'Till loſt in the joy, we confeſs that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

V.

And that my delight may be ſolidly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be handſomely mix'd,
In whoſe tender boſom my ſoul may confide,
Whoſe kindneſs can ſooth me, whoſe counſel can guide.
From ſuch a dear lover as here I deſcribe,
No danger ſhould fright me, no millions ſhould bribe;
But till this aſtoniſhing creature I know,
As I long have liv'd chaſte, I will keep myſelf ſo.

VI.

I never will ſhare with the wanton coquet,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
The toaſters and ſongſters may try all their art,
But never ſhall enter the paſs of my heart.
I loath the lewd rake, the dreſs'd fopling deſpiſe:
Before ſuch purſuers the nice virgin flies:
And as OVID has ſweetly in parable told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.

THE

LADY's RESOLVE.

Written extempore on a Window.

THE

LADY's RESOLVE.

Written extempore on a Window.

WHILST thirſt of praiſe, and vain deſire of fame,
In every age, is every woman's aim;
With courtſhip pleas'd, of ſilly toaſters proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
On each poor fool beſtowing ſome kind glance,
Each conqueſt owing to ſome looſe advance;

While vain coquets affect to be purſu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not groſsly lewd:
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;
In part ſhe is to blame that has been try'd—
He comes too near that comes to be deny'd.

THE

GENTLEMAN's ANSWER.

THE

GENTLEMAN's ANSWER.

WHILST pretty fellows think a woman's fame
In ev'ry ſtate and ev'ry age the ſame;
With their own folly pleas'd, the fair they toaſt,
And where they leaſt are happy ſwear they're moſt;
No diff'rence making 'twixt coquet and prude;
And her that ſeems, yet is not really lewd;
While thus they think, and thus they vainly live,
And taſte no joys but what their fancy give:

Let

Let this great maxim be my actions guide,
May I ne'er hope, though I am ne'er deny'd;
Nor think a woman won, that's willing to be try'd.

A MAN in LOVE.

A MAN in LOVE.

L'Homme qui ne ſe trouve point & ne ſe trouvera jamais.

THE man who feels the dear diſeaſe,
Forgets himſelf, neglects to pleaſe:
The crowd avoids and ſeeks the groves,
And much he thinks when much he loves;
Preſs'd with alternate hope and fear,
Sighs in her abſence, ſighs when ſhe is near.
The gay, the fond, the fair, the young,
Thoſe trifles paſs unſeen along;
To him a pert, inſipid throng.
But moſt he ſhuns the vain coquet;
Contemns her falſe affected wit:

The minſtrels ſound, the flowing bowl
Oppreſs and hurt the amorous ſoul.
'Tis ſolitude alone can pleaſe,
And give ſome intervals of eaſe.
He feeds the ſoft diſtemper there,
And fondly courts the diſtant fair;
To balls, the ſilent ſhade prefers,
And hates all other charms but hers.
When thus your abſent ſwain can do,
Molly, you may believe him true.

A

RECEIPT

To Cure the

VAPOURS.

A

RECEIPT

To Cure the

VAPOURS.

Written to Lady J——N.

I.

WHY will Delia thus retire,
And idly languiſh life away?
While the ſighing crowd admire,
'Tis too ſoon for hartſhorn tea:

II.

All thoſe diſmal-looks and fretting
Cannot Damon's life reſtore;
Long ago the worms have eat him,
You can never ſee him more.

III.

Once again conſult your toilette,
In the glaſs your face review:
So much weeping ſoon will ſpoil it,
And no ſpring your charms renew.

IV.

I, like you, was born a woman,
Well I know what vapours mean:
The diſeaſe, alas! is common;
Single, we have all the ſpleen.

V.

All the morals that they tell us,
Never cur'd the ſorrow yet:

Chuſe,

Chuſe, among the pretty fellows,
One of honour, youth, and wit.

VI.

Prithee hear him every morning
At the leaſt an hour or two;
Once again at night returning—
I believe the doſe will do.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE IMITATED.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE IMITATED.

FOR whom are now your airs put on,
And what new beauty's doom'd to be undone?
That careleſs elegance of dreſs,
This eſſence that perfumes the wind,
Your very motion does confeſs
Some ſecret conqueſt is deſign'd.

Alas!

Alas! the poor unhappy maid,
To what a train of ills betray'd!
What fears, what pangs ſhall rend her breaſt,
How will her eyes diſſolve in tears!
That now with glowing joy is bleſs'd,
Charm'd with the faithleſs vows ſhe hears.
So the young ſailor on the ſummer ſea,
Gaily purſues his deſtin'd way:
Fearleſs and careleſs on the deck he ſtands,
Till ſudden ſtorms ariſe and thunders roll;
In vain he caſts his eyes to diſtant lands,
Diſtracting terror tears his timorous ſoul.
For me, ſecure I view the raging main,
Paſt are my dangers, and forgot my pain:
My votive tablet in the temple ſhews
The monument of folly paſt;
I paid the bounteous god my grateful vows,
Who ſnatch'd from ruin, ſav'd me at the laſt.

FAREWELL

FAREWELL

TO

BATH.

FAREWELL

TO

BATH.

TO all you ladies now at Bath,
And eke, ye beaus, to you,
With aking heart, and watry eyes,
I bid my laſt adieu.

Farewell, ye nymphs, who waters ſip
Hot reeking from the pumps,
While muſic lends her friendly aid,
To cheer you from the dumps.

Farewell, ye wits, who prating ſtand,
And criticiſe the fair;
Yourſelves the joke of men of ſenſe,
Who hate a coxcomb's air.

Farewell to Deard's, and all her toys,
Which glitter in her ſhop,
Deluding traps to girls and boys,
The warehouſe of the fop.

Lindſay's and Hayes's both farewell,
Where in the ſpacious hall;
With bounding ſteps, and ſprightly air,
I've led up many a ball.

Where Somerville of courteous mein,
Was partner in the dance,
With ſwimming Haws, and Brownlow blithe,
And Britton pink of France.

Poor

Poor Naſh, farewell! may fortune ſmile,
Thy drooping ſoul revive,
My heart is full, I can no more—
John, bid the Coachman drive.

TO

CLIO.

TO

CLIO.

Occaſioned by her VERSES on FRIENDSHIP.

WHILE, Clio, pondering o'er thy lines I roll,
Dwell on each thought, and meditate thy ſoul,
Methinks I view thee, in ſome calm retreat,
Far from all guilt, diſtraction and deceit;
Thence pitying view, the thoughtleſs fair and gay,
Who whirl their lives in giddineſs away.

Thence

Thence greatly ſcorning what the world calls great,
Contemn the proud, their tumults, power and ſtate.
And deem it thence inglorious to deſcend
For ought below, but virtue and a friend.
How com'ſt thou fram'd, ſo different from thy ſex,
Whom trifles raviſh, and whom trifles vex!
Capricious things, all flutter, whim and ſhow,
And light and varying as the winds that blow.
To candour, ſenſe, to love, to friendſhip blind,
To flatterers, fools, and coxcombs only kind!
Say whence thoſe hints, thoſe bright ideas came,
That warm thy breaſt with friendſhip's holy flame?
That cloſe thy heart againſt the joys of youth,
And ope thy mind to all the rays of truth,
That with ſuch ſweetneſs and ſuch grace unite,
The gay, the prudent, virtuous, and polite.
As heaven inſpires thy ſentiment divine,
May heaven vouchſafe a friendſhip worthy thine;
A friendſhip, plac'd where eaſe and fragrance reign,
Where nature ſways us, and no laws reſtrain.

Where

Where ſtudious leiſure, proſpects unconfin'd,
And heavenly muſing lifts the aſpiring mind.
There with thy friend, may years on years be ſpent,
In blooming health, and, ever gay, content;
There blend your cares with ſoft aſſuaſive arts,
There ſooth the paſſions, there unfold your hearts;
Join in each wiſh, and warming into love,
Approach the raptures of the bleſt above.

A

CAVEAT

TO THE

FAIR SEX.

A

CAVEAT

TO THE

FAIR SEX.

WIFE and Servant are the ſame,
But only differ in the name;
For when the fatal knot is ty'd,
Which nothing, nothing can divide;
When ſhe the word *obey* has ſaid,
And man by law ſupreme is made,
Then all that's kind is laid aſide,
And nothing left but ſtate and pride:
Fierce as an Eaſtern prince he grows,
And all his innate rigour ſhows;

Then but to look, to laugh, to ſpeak,
Will the nuptial contract break.
Like mutes, ſhe ſigns alone muſt make,
And never any freedom take:
But ſtill be govern'd by a nod,
And fear her huſband as her god:
Him ſtill muſt ſerve, him ſtill obey,
And nothing act, and nothing ſay,
But what her haughty lord thinks fit,
Who with the power, has all the wit.
Then ſhun, O ſhun that wretched ſtate,
And all the fawning flatterers hate:
Value yourſelves; and men deſpiſe,
You muſt be proud, if you'll be wiſe.

VERSES

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Written in the Chiaſk at Pera, overlooking Conſtantinople, December 26, 1718.

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Written in the Chiaſk at Pera, overlooking Conſtantinople, December 26, 1718.

GIVE me, great God! ſaid I, a little farm,
In ſummer ſhady, and in winter warm;
Where a clear ſpring gives birth to murm'ring brooks,
By nature gliding down the moſſy rocks.
Not artfully by leaden pipes convey'd,
Or greatly falling in a forc'd *caſcade*,
Pure and unſully'd winding thro' the ſhade.
All-bounteous Heaven has added to my prayer
A ſofter climate, and a purer air.

Our

Our frozen Iſle now chilling winter binds,
Deform'd by rains, and rough with blaſting winds;
The wither'd woods grow white with hoary froſt,
By driving ſtorms their verdant beauty loſt;
The trembling birds their leafleſs covert ſhun,
And ſeek in diſtant climes a warmer ſun:
The water nymphs their ſilent urns deplore,
Ev'n *Thames* benumb'd 's a river now no more:
The barren meads no longer yield delight,
By gliſt'ring ſnows made painful to the ſight.
Here ſummer reigns with one eternal ſmile,
Succeeding harveſts bleſs the happy ſoil.
Fair fertile fields, to whom indulgent Heaven
Has ev'ry charm of ev'ry ſeaſon given;
No killing cold deforms the beauteous year,
The ſpringing flowers no coming winter fear.
But as the parent *Roſe* decays and dies,
The infant buds with brighter colour riſe,
And with freſh ſweets the mother's ſcent ſupplies.
Near them the *Violet* grows with odours bleſt,
And blooms in more than Tyrian purple dreſt;

The

The rich *Jonquils* their golden beams diſplay,
And ſhine in glory's emulating day;
The peaceful groves their verdant leaves retain,
The ſtreams ſtill murmur, undefil'd with rain,
And tow'ring greens adorn the fruitful plain.
The warbling kind uninterrupted ſing,
Warm'd with enjoyments of perpetual ſpring.
Here, at my window, I at once ſurvey
The crowded city and reſounding ſea;
In diſtant views the *Aſian* mountains riſe,
And loſe their ſnowy ſummits in the ſkies;
Above theſe mountains proud *Olympus* tow'rs,
The parliamental ſeat of heavenly powers.
New to the ſight, my raviſh'd eyes admire
Each gilded creſcent and each antique ſpire,
The marble moſques, beneath whoſe ample domes
Fierce warlike *ſultans* ſleep in peaceful tombs;
Thoſe lofty ſtructures, once the Chriſtians boaſt,
Their names, their beauty, and their honours loſt;

Thoſe

Thoſe altars bright with gold and ſculpture grac'd,
By barb'rous zeal of ſavage foes defac'd;
Sophia alone, her ancient name retains,
Tho' unbelieving vows her ſhrine profanes;
Where holy ſaints have died in ſacred cells,
Where monarchs pray'd the frantic *Derviſe* dwells,
How art thou fall'n, imperial city, low!
Where are thy hopes of *Roman* glory now?
Where are thy palaces by prelates rais'd?
Where *Grecian* artiſts all their ſkill diſplay'd,
Before the happy ſciences decay'd;
So vaſt, that youthful kings might here reſide,
So ſplendid, to content a patriarch's pride;
Convents where emperors profeſs'd of old,
There labour'd pillars that their triumphs told;
Vain monuments of them that once were great,
Sunk undiſtinguiſh'd by one common fate;
One little ſpot the tenure ſmall contains,
Of *Greek* nobility the poor remains.

Where

Where other *Helens*, with like powerful charms,
Had once engag'd the warring world in arms;
Thoſe names which royal anceſtors can boaſt,
In mean mechanic arts obſcurely loſt;
Thoſe eyes a ſecond *Homer* might inſpire,
Fix'd at the loom deſtroy their uſeleſs fire;
Griev'd at a view which ſtruck upon my mind
The ſhort liv'd vanity of human kind.
In gaudy object I indulge my ſight,
And turn where *Eaſtern pomp* gives gay delight;
See the vaſt train in various habits dreſt
By the bright ſcimitar and ſable veſt,
The proud vizier diſtinguiſh'd o'er the reſt;
Six ſlaves in gay attire his bridle hold,
His bridle rich with gems, and ſtirrups gold;
His ſnowy ſteed adorn'd with coſtly pride,
Whole troops of ſoldiers mounted by his ſide,
Theſe top the plumy creſt Arabian courtiers guide.
With artful duty all decline their eyes,
No bellowing ſhouts of noiſy crowds ariſe;

Silence,

Silence, in ſolemn ſtate, the march attends,
Till at the dread divan the ſlow proceſſion ends.
Yet not theſe proſpects all profuſely gay,
The gilded navy that adorns the ſea,
The riſing city in confuſion fair,
Magnificently form'd irregular;
Where woods and palaces at once ſurpriſe,
Gardens on gardens, domes on domes ariſe,
And endleſs beauties tire the wandring eyes;
So ſooth my wiſhes, or ſo charm my mind,
As this *retreat* ſecure from human kind.
No knave's ſucceſsful craft does ſpleen excite,
No coxcomb's tawdry ſplendor ſhocks my ſight;
No mob-alarm awakes my female fear,
No praiſe my mind, nor envy hurts my ear,
Ev'n fame itſelf can hardly reach me here:
Impertinence with all her tattling train,
Fair-ſounding flattery's delicious bane;
Cenſorious folly, noiſy party-rage,
The thouſand tongues with which ſhe muſt engage;
Who dares have *virtue* in a *vicious age*?

FINIS.

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